The Ocean Makes Daybreak

Lynne Potts
The ocean makes day break
an antique porcelain platter,
everyone wondering whose fault it was --
slivers scattering the sun.

They say waves of high frequencies
can shatter glass if it’s hand-blown thin

thinner in after-dinner hours when
the back yard is up to its shins in fireflies,

thinner than the time
we didn’t speak for weeks.

How does the sun collect itself after that,
go on with the day’s routines,

paying attention to oranges, curtains,
the memory of African ant hills?

Of course the ocean is always tending,
napkin on arm, refilling the glass.

But we can’t say anything, really, about fault,
lost as it is, in waves washing back and forth

until they reach a point of confusion,
pause to think, turn back and drift away.